THINK!

edition nil

"eggshells empty"

o) Time comes, time flies, you know people are waiting for your next big thought man! And those swollen chests, those teary eyes, it's with baited breath!

But take your time, make it worth it; sketch it out, ruminate, an adoring public stands at attention for another scrap with which to wipe their fetid taints and it's your big idea(s) circlin' the drain.

It's true, you're sure shirking off responsibilities left and right, shrinking from every glance (nah that's just the cold, innit?), when'd you ever get so stupid, feckless, weak?

When'd you ever get so old?

When's the last time you stopped to THINK?

"Some things should pour out when ya crack yer noggin..."

HOLISTIC

i) Oh dear god, let's push the inevitable out a bit, bait 'em and switch 'em, like a used car, man, this is for a punk show, let's talk punk, for show.

The truth is, I have very few new ideas, the eggshells are empty, if you will, so I've surrendered myself to pilfering from a past Bicho. The setting: Feb. 1st, 2024, our hero sat with eyes set forward fixed towards the future, anna heart

fulla hope, just six days shy of a 10 ft fall that would waylay my body and mind for a half a year, but as I recall, the task at hand was to set a baseline standard that all other hardcore punk records could be judged against.

And while we can acknowledge that there are many good records, if there was only one good record, then it would certainly be **The Fix - (1981) Vengeance 7"**.

The naysayers, dripfed records ('content') by curators ('algo,' ya know him?) will yammer on and on and I can hear it now: "How can you hope to establish an objective standard that can span across genre, culture, TIME, SPACE?!"; except, they won't say that they'll say "Shut up you fuckin' nerd." Well, suck my shit, 'cause this is it: THE record; for a second, even if only immediately upon its release, the greatest ever conceived. You know this, because the four (4) Michigan Morons were confident enough in their output to commit just two minutes and forty three seconds of music (again, 'content') to vinyl, and I know this because I don't even care that this was an egregious waste of resources.

Territory – (2024) War For...? CS – Loud, mean, maybe just *this* side of Arena Crustdom. FFO: Deathreat, HHIG, you know?

Son Skull – (2011) Birth Scene/Rewind EP & Big Crux - ...Is A Big Funk EP – A February thought on my early 20s: "Not the sounds of my youth but def of younger days. I wish I could have been in the PNW while either band existed. One's mean but pretty. One's funky and contemplative. Both reest my understanding of HC Punk's potential.

Gin Blossoms – (1989) Dusted EP – Faster, dirtier, worse versions of songs that got revisited on "New Miserable Experience." Nothing of value got left behind. I love these crackers, but for the life

into a million pieces and the final few remaining go for five (5) figures on Discogs), against those odds, yeah, I'd call that a perfect record.

Go 'head, and while yer at it, consider this the benchmark moving forward, and when you gnash your teeth and sob into your shirt seeing what I have to say about schlock like Electric Chair in future "editions," just remember they never stood a fuggin' chance.

ii) A few thoughts (and a switch up, already), in brief:

Mckinley Dixon – (2023) Beloved! Paradise! Jazz!? LP – Spent a few months with this on repeat. Run, Run, Run smells like summer, strings and beats and yearning for lovers collide. Big heart, big head.

of me couldn't tell ya why they fixed their heads on a song called "Slave Dealer's Daughter." A whole lotta "HardCore" bands wanna sound like the GBs nowadays, the should sound like the Biscuits instead.

The Demonstrate demo proves that some edgemen can still write good fuckin' riffs. **Pleasure:** the only band since No Approach to sound like Black Flag in a non-derogatory way. I like the **Consensus Madness** demo and 7" a lot. **Ira Glass** sometimes gets described as post-punk or (worse) sometimes as post-hardcore, but feels more like Coughs. Good candidate for a name change, but I'll let it slide. RIP **Diztort**, a perfect band that a lot of you poseurs would pretend not to like 'cause your leather high tops are boots instead of dunks.

Alienator – (2023) World Of Hate 7" - Crossover's back? NYHC done right. Mean, evil, nazty, short. The Rival Mob would piss themselves.

iii) The Rival Mob - (2010) Hardcore For Hardcore EP & Confines - (2010) Withdrawn EP

Speaking of, it was just yesterday (Ed. Note, yesterday would have been 2/2/24), a brisk and sunny day, that I drove around the city with my partner, hit a hardware store. Worked our way south and hit The Black Vegan, a restaurant we've been fiending after for some time. I'm working through a mushroom aversion and the BBQ wings at this joint are the necessary therapy. We rearranged the kitchen, used some spare 2x4s from a recent job and affixed a quick and easy pot rack to the ceiling. Counter space is such a limited, but crucial, resource.

A fews month ago, I crowdsourced some ideas for a month of reviews, and a well-known Colorado Chucklehead had a suggestion.

A decade ago, I recall describing The Rival Mob as an "nth-generation, NYHC-worshipping pile of dogshit."

A few short months ago, listening to these six songs celebrated by oh so many, a 35-year-old man described by those who know him as "mature," "measured," and "not at all prone to hyperbole or histrionics," bestows upon the hallowed "Hardcore For Hardcore" an FQ (Fix Quotient) of 0.

I don't know how any of the Chicago pedophiles that championed this band deluded themselves into spinning this more than once, but I wasn't harsh enough. Yeah, we get it man, you were too busy reading poetry whilst wearing penny loafers and prepping your JJ cosplay to write some fucking lyrics, but the all the "wake up to the real deals" and "break down the walls" cut and paste is astounding even for a subculture as backwards-facing as this one. Every track is a plodding, interminable race to the bottom of possibility that set Hardcore back a decade.

So here I am, a Chicago boy viewing the Boston metropolitan area from one helluva high horse, straddling 2010 and 2024, pondering the was, is, and will be; do you remember half your life ago? Oh, be honest, fifteen hasn't been half your life in at least a third of that epoch!, but still, I remember the needle shaking the first time it "Withdrawn," palpable with a combination of emotions that the Mob could only paw at. Their presentation, unparalleled; their intent, clear and focused.

You listen to these back to back, you're an astronaut man. There must be time dilation at play, how else to describe how something can feel like two minutes or 2 minutes, and holy shit, we're all dying, can you stomach wasting it on one more spin of a song which presents "You've got the HIV and I don't care!" as a novel fucking thought?

iv) A funny thing about skinheads is that you can make weird racialized comments about your daughter on the internet and brag about your military service as long as you call out the bad type of racism and then your fans will come out from their barista jobs and feign class consciousness in their $300 Cherry Reds and share a "pint" like they're in fuckin' Romper Stomper but they're from Schaumburg or Naperville or Mt. Greenwood or Sauganash and no one has to acknowledge that the best "Oi!" bands were actually just punk bands because even Blitz knew they'd never find more than two skins who could write a song and 86 Mentality had a white belt clad emo guy hidden in the silhouetted covers and eventually everyone grows their hair out and smokes weed when the news breaks that maybe the name Conservative Military Image was a dead giveaway at the shit you'd be shovelin' down your gullet.

If I don't get murdered by FSU, expect more of the same (and worse) real soon. Listen to Answering Machines, Ayucaba, and Surrogates in the meantime. Learn to fry an egg, take care of each other, and THINK!

No cops, no cosplay.

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